



January 9, 1931

Life

Price
10 Cents



**Do you
SMOKE
YOUR WAY
"BACK TO
NORMALCY"?**

**Keep a
Clean Taste
with
Cooler Smoke!**

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U. S.) . . . 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)



THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

In these days of pulling business back to normal . . . do you smoke more than your normal quota of cigarettes? Then you should experience Spud's cooler, cleaner smoke . . . and the joy of being continually "mouth-happy". You should feel the way Spud leaves your mouth moist-cool and comfortably clean . . . no matter how long a session you have with Spud's lusty tobacco fragrance. Come on, switch to Spud and learn Spud's always-clean taste . . . the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

SINBAD invites you to follow him



When first you met
Sinbad, way back in
1928, he was just a
little, nameless pup,
tumbling through the
pages of Life.



He romped right into so
many hearts that Life broad-
cast an S.O.S. for a name
for him. The winning Life-
reader among 8,000 contest-
ants gave us "Sinbad" with
this verse:

Sinbad
Was in bad
From Trinidad to Rome
And
Edwina's Dog
'S in bad
Wherever he may roam.

Sinbad's very latest exploit
is to fix it up for all of you
who've followed his adven-
tures every week in Life to
find your old favorites and
some new episodes of his
life all bound together

for now he's in a book!

There's not a soul—young or old, doggy or crabby, who'll fail to register delight and appreciation with SINBAD. There never will be a child who won't devour this book from cover to cover, over and over again, in pure joy. Nor a grownup without a sneaking fondness for the madcap, harum scarum, lovable SINBAD. Forty full pages of his adventures—mostly twelve pictures to the page—cram SINBAD'S book with fun.



Dear LIFE,
60 East 42nd Street, New York
Enclosed find \$..... to pay
for copies of "Sinbad"
at \$2.50 each.

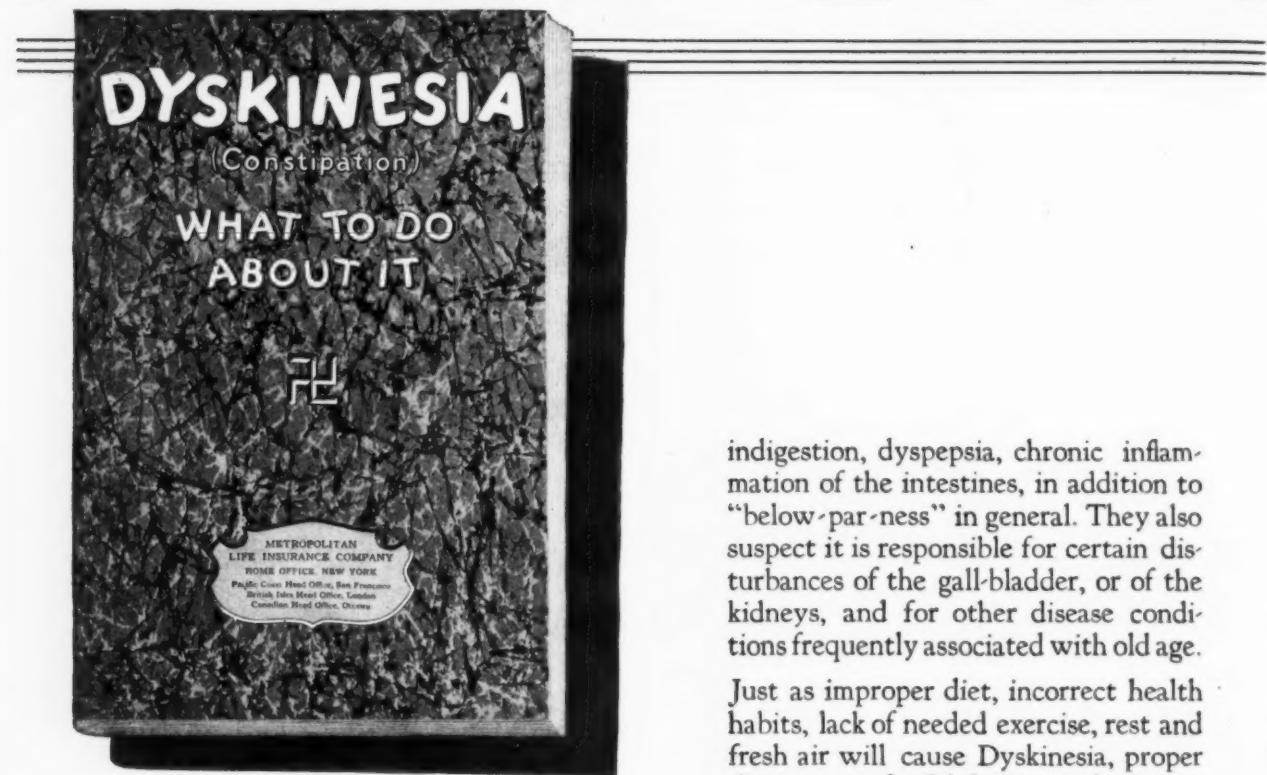
name

address

SINBAD



DYSKINESIA



*I*FF MISERY loves company, the person who has Dyskinesia [dis-kin-eës-ia] may be interested in learning from his family doctor that at least one in every three of his adult patients suffers from the same ailment. But he can take a good deal more comfort in knowing that Dyskinesia not only can be prevented but it can be cured — without resort to drugs.

Continued dependence on laxatives and cathartics, taken to relieve Dyskinesia, may be dangerous. They may bring temporary relief while causing great damage as time goes on.

Doctors attribute many serious troubles to Dyskinesia — colds, sick headaches,

indigestion, dyspepsia, chronic inflammation of the intestines, in addition to "below-par-ness" in general. They also suspect it is responsible for certain disturbances of the gall-bladder, or of the kidneys, and for other disease conditions frequently associated with old age.

Just as improper diet, incorrect health habits, lack of needed exercise, rest and fresh air will cause Dyskinesia, proper diet, correct health habits and exercise will cure it, even when chronic.

Take no medicine for it unless advised by your doctor. Send coupon for the booklet, "Dyskinesia", which describes diet, living habits and exercise necessary to overcome constipation. Mailed free upon request.

What to do about it

Send this coupon today

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Dept. 231-F.

Please mail without cost to me a copy of the booklet, "Dyskinesia", which tells how to avoid and how to overcome intestinal sluggishness.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Sift + e



Feminine wiles.

Overstuffed Furniture As A Source Of Income

With a new year (1931) on the threshold there comes the thought that we must get a grip on ourselves and do something in a financial way.

"For instance?" you say.

Well, for one thing there is overstuffed furniture as a source of income. Have you tried it? To show what can be done with a small amount of equipment, last week the yield from our living room of one couch and three chairs was two quarters, six dimes, no nickels and eleven pennies. Total for living room: \$1.21.

This was an ordinary week. There was no week-end party, not one overnight guest, only one mid-week bridge party and only the usual number of neighbors dropped in to sit and chat. All brush, ice box and oil burner sales-

men were stopped at the door; none was asked in to have a seat and display his wares.

On the weeks during which we really try, the living room does much better than \$1.21.

In addition to it we have in operation the chaise longue in the guest room, the day bed and three padded wicker chairs in the sun parlor, the ottoman in the maid's room, the seat in the coupe and, during the summer months, the coupe's rumble seat.

Quite an investment. In round figures a serviceable overstuffed chair costs about \$100. If it is comfortable and sits low so that its occupant's knees are higher than his trousers' pockets, it should bring in about twenty cents weekly. Ten dollars yearly. That's ten per cent. Not bad.

Try investing in sheep or hens and see where you get. A sheep or a hen might bring in more than twenty cents weekly, but there is the upkeep. You must buy oats or something for a sheep. A hen keeps you busy mixing meal and water in a pan, or maybe buying cracked corn. Where is the profit in that?

Besides the income of twenty cents

weekly, you have the use of the overstuffed chair. Of what use is an overstuffed sheep or hen?

So far we have considered the returns in cash only. But the trinket value of overstuffed furniture is far from negligible. In one week I have collected as many as two excellent compacts from the dark crevices of our couch alone. And there always are matches, and occasionally nail files, pocket combs, unused stamps, pencils, fountain pens, earrings, assorted buttons, whole sticks of gum and paper clips and many other trinkets. A veritable self-filling treasure chest.

True, some of the articles must be returned to their owners, but if you are not over anxious you will find quite a few of them unclaimed. By "over anxious" I mean you mustn't rush over and start feeling around behind the cushions the minute a visitor gets up. Wait a while. Wait a few days. During that time you will have had a number of visitors and what you find is more or less yours. You don't know who lost what.

Of course if you have had a brush salesman or any other stranger sitting on the couch or in a chair for a couple of hours you can feel as soon as he turns the corner. Ordinarily though it is better and more of a surprise to wait about a week.

I have let the chaise longue in the guest room go as long as a month. The ottoman in the maid's room I search between maids. It seldom fails to hold a surprise, and another thing—

Absolutely do not keep a maid on the premises who is a furniture searcher herself.

I wish to stress the importance of this. Most maids have short, stubby fingers and are unable to reach far back in the crevices of the upholstering, but they can lift the cushions and gather the loose coins and trinkets. You'll find your income dwindling at an alarming rate. The answer: Fire the maid immediately.

Generally speaking overstuffed furniture as a source of income is both profitable and enjoyable. Encourage your friends and visitors to be at ease and lounge freely. Turn on the radio. Have a supply of magazines at hand. The secret of the golden harvest is solid comfort, relaxation—it is then that things spill out of pockets unnoticed. —Tom Sims.



"Oh, there's Dr. Tompkins! I promised him my appendix."

"Step Lively, Please!"

By BERTON BRALEY.

Timorous souls may be cautiously
cavilling

Shocked at the pace of the race that
we run.

Geared to the tempo of old-fashioned
traveling

How can they savor our flavor of fun?
Speed that's a tonic, a boost and a
spur to us—

Come on, let's beat it, let's go, let's
proceed!

Slow-moving traffic will have to defer
to us

Singing the Saga of Speed!

Purr of the motors and whirr of ma-
chinery

Bumble and rumble of planes in the
sky,

Roar of expresses that flash through the
scenery

Drum of slim racing boats hitting
on high,

Radio waves leaping spaces ethereal
Power that whips over wires for our
need,

Making time nothing, and space im-
material,

Singing the Saga of Speed!

Life is too swift? We are panting and
hurrying

Maddened with motion, too driven
to dream?

Let 'em think that, who have leisure
for worrying,

We're not so breathless and blind as
we seem.

Life that is swift gains in scope and
immensity

Bringing more wonder and beauty to
heed,

So we sweep on in our joyous intensity,
Singing the Saga of Speed!

Speed! There's a thrill in the rush
and the swirl of it,

Pep in each step of our seven-league
boots,

Kick in the quick exultation and whirl
of it

Tingling our fibres and nerves to
the roots.

Speed! It's quest of the stars that are
beckoning

Dauntless youth riding a magical
steed,

Whizzing through spaces beyond any
reckoning,

Singing the Saga of Speed!



A LONG FELT WANT.

The family radio.



"Sorry I have to reduce you to fifteen dollars a week but you can do your share in bringing back prosperity by buying, buying, buying."

Business Methods Enter the Home

A Wife Should Run a Home Just As A Secretary Does An Office.

—Newspaper Editorial.

Mrs.: Good morning, Mr. Whiffle.

Mr.: Hello, Toodleums.

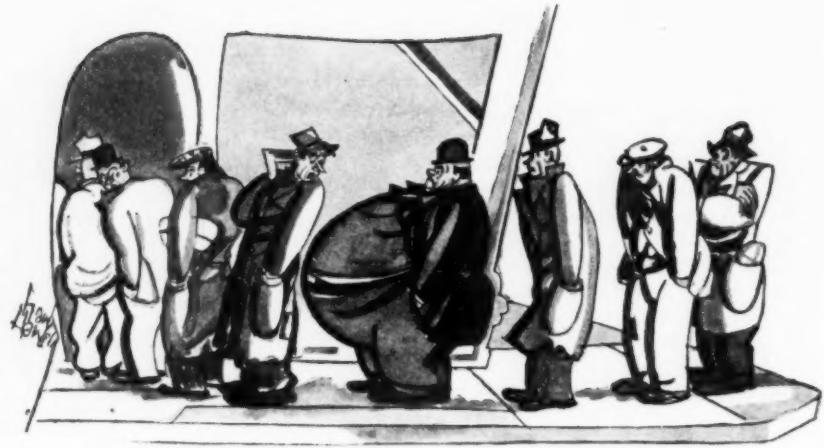
Mrs.: Do you want me to reply to Aunt Susan's letter of the 16th requesting information concerning our health and why we hadn't written her?

Mr.: I want a kiss—now.

Mrs. (on his lap): You're so nice, Mr. Whiffle.

Mr. (blushing): Oh-h.

Mrs.: I mean it.



"Say, you shouldn't stand in no bread line—you should just go bury yourself for the winter like a bear."

Mr.: Then have lunch with me today.

Mrs. (surprisedly): Why, Mr. Whiffle! (Then sadly, with wet eyes): Oh, but I can't—I haven't anything to wear!

Mr.: Buy anything you want at The Parisian Shoppe and charge it to me.

Mrs.: Oh, but I really couldn't do that, Mr. Whiffle! There's your secretary to think of—and the board of directors! What would they think if they knew you were spending a lot of money on your wife?

Mr.: Oh, my secretary doesn't understand me. I'm going to fire her as soon as I obtain sufficient grounds, anyway. My office has just been a place to hang my hat ever since I employed her.

Mrs.: I really couldn't bear it if I thought I was involved in breaking up such a wonderful companionship.

Mr.: Don't worry your cute little head about it. Everything will be all right.

Mrs.: Are you sure?

Mr.: Of course. Now, will you lunch with me?

Mrs.: What about Aunt Susan's letter?

Mr.: Oh, let the cook attend to it. And will you have dinner with me tonight?

Mrs.: Uh-huh, that is, if you are quite sure your secretary won't care.

FIRST CLERK (a few days later): I see the boss has a new secretary.

SECOND CLERK: Yeah. His wife.

—Brook Branwade.



"Oh—momma we forgot the five and ten!"



SINBAD
A desperate character!

(7)

EDWINA

The Conversation

The crowded station. The wait for the train to open. The glances at other train-waiters. The man looking at you. The realization that you ought to know him. The realization that he is going to speak to you. The realization that you cannot possibly remember his name or where you met him.

The falsely-assumed air of recognition. The nervously beaming smile. The out-stretched hand. The hearty "How-are-you." The repeated "How-are-yous." The realization that this isn't getting you anywhere. The desperate effort to remember the man's name. The utter failure. The decision to conceal one's ignorance. The wish that the train were ready.

The attempt at conversation. The inquiry as to how everything is going. The expressions of pleasure at the



"Sorry, but I'm covering this for the Times."



"God, what a devilish clever nuance, that glove motif!"

assurance that everything has been going fine. The inquiry regarding the health of "the folks." The puzzled look in response. The searching of memory for some acquaintance who is an orphan and unmarried.

The hurried question as to how everything is going. The confused recollection that you have asked that before. The new tack. The suggestion that it has been a long time since you saw each other. The question as to how long it really has been. The suggestion that it has been many years. The reply that, yes, it has been.

The question about what he is doing these days. The reply that he is doing the same old thing. The remark about the weather. The agreement that it has been pretty foul. The feeling that you ought to say something more. The inability to think of anything more to say.

The calling of your train. The unbounded delight. The sudden fear that the man is waiting to get on the same train. The cautious inquiry. The reassuring statement that he is waiting for an incoming train.

The pretense that your train is on the verge of leaving. The hurried good-bye. The suggestion that you both get together for lunch some day soon. The expression of delight at the anticipation of an opportunity to talk over old times again. The hurried hand-shake. The dash for the protection of the blessed train. The fervent hope that you will never run across the man again.

—John C. Emery.



"Tell me, Arthur—how do I look?"

At Home With A Joke Writer

"Pop, what do you do with your old razor blades?"

"I wrap them up in a piece of newspaper and put them in the ash barrel, son."

"John, you haven't said a word all evening. What's the matter?"

"I'm tired, sweetheart."

"Pop, if you had six dollars and mom gave you six more dollars, what would you have?"

"Twelve dollars, son."

"John, dear, what do you think of my new gown?"

"It's lovely."

"Pop, what is prohibition?"

"An amendment to the constitution that prohibits the sale of liquor, my boy."

"John, the plumber was here today?"

"Is that so?"

Becoming Extinct

Plans are under way to erect a World Museum of Peace. The idea seems to be that what peace is left belongs in a museum.

Familiar Legend

Pershing's book revives the tradition that in the early part of the present century there was a world war.

Suggestions to the Pulitzer Prize Committee

Prize for the Best Fiction of the Year—Should be awarded to Senator Fess for his speeches insisting that the majority of the country is dry.

Prize for the Best Play of the Year—Should be awarded to Mayor Thompson of Chicago for his play for political support in suggesting a huge lottery to aid the unemployed.

Prize for the Best Contribution to Good Journalism of the Year—Should be awarded to the Boston *Post* for removing Mr. Coolidge's daily articles from its front page.

Fellowships to Study Abroad for a Year or Two—By all means should be awarded to Senator Brookhart, Rudy Vallée, Graham McNamee, Senator Fess and Bishop Cannon.



"It is beautiful, Joe! Bee-yutiful!"
"Aw shucks! We just dashed it off!"

Just A Word With You, Sir

"Just a word with you, sir . . . please. Ah, er, ah . . . ahem . . . I've been with this company a great many years and I . . . I . . . I believe you've always found me faithful and loyal and I think you'll grant that I've always done my share of the work and I know times are hard, but I've been with this company a great many years, sir. What's that? Get down to the point? Yessir, er, ah . . . ahem . . . are you a father, sir? That is, I mean to say that shoes cost money and what with a wife that always insists on the best of everything and considering the fact that I've been with the company a great many years I thought you might be able to see your way clear to . . . that is . . . er, ah . . . ahem . . . beg pardon, sir? You have an important engagement? Then could I have just a word with you tomorrow morning, sir?"

—Jim Dilley.



"But, Jim, everybody said to buy now!"

Sympathy

My heart within is heavy that I always seem to meet
So many mournful persons in the shops and in the street.
No matter where I go to dine or lunch or sup or tea,
Somebody has to come and take his troubles out on me.
No matter what we talk about, we reach the same conclusion:
That life is just an awful pain, and love is an illusion.

Why do they have to come to me to make their sorry moan?
Why can't they see that I have plenty troubles of my own?
Why do they have to come to me to weep for their affairs,
When anyone could see that mine are just as bad as theirs?

If I live long enough some day I'll meet a cheerful soul,
Whose heart and pocketbook and mind are still completely whole;
Who has no cares to mention and who sings the livelong day;
Who loves his wife, his kids, his stocks, his bonds, his work, his play;
Someone who sees the world as bright; who smiles at every woe;
Who is a Pollyanna, and who sheds a happy glow.

I don't know if I can or not; at least I'd like to try
To find just such a person, and to sock him in the eye.

—Myra M. Waterman.



Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

DECEMBER 21—All the morning gone in tearing up last year's Christmas cards, and albeit Sam and

I had firmly decided not to send out any this season, the celebrated Yule-tide spirit gripped us so firmly that by twelve o'clock I was down at Amy Drevenstedt's choosing the most modest model which her shop afforded and ordering to be printed on it a piece of verse lifted wholesale at the eleventh hour out of my book, and which really does not bear what I consider a decent greeting, but Lord! I am sure that it will make no more impression on those to whom I send it than many similar harbingers which I do receive myself, and next year if I am too beset with the eternal buttoning and unbuttoning of life I think I shall send in the Gettysburg speech and let it go at that. I was pleased to see, for the first time in fifteen years, a card at Miss Drevenstedt's with the legend, "I saw three ships come sailing in on Christmas day in the morning," a silly enough sentiment, but one which has always had a special appeal for me, like Hilaire Belloc's quatrain which he did not bother to rhyme accurately and which I have generously corrected for him:

*From quiet things and first beginning
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of
winning*

Save laughter and the love of friends.

To luncheon at a publick with Effie Goings, and we had minestrone, scallops, vegetables and a fine piece of cheese, not to mention a few old-fashioned cocktails, and we did decide that we could drink a dozen of the same without experiencing that splendid glow which used to come from a beaker of liquor which had quality, and which was sufficient unto the afternoon for persons with a feeling for the proper glamor of life, and we did also decide that our grandfathers were probably rolling in their graves if they had any consciousness of the indignities which their descendants were forced to endure in the year 1931.

DECEMBER 22—Greatly distressed this morning over the waxing of my absent-mindedness, which has grown upon me so of late that I am at some pains to appear *compos mentis* in public, and it

is not as if I had affairs of church and state on my mind neither, for I am chiefly concerned with the suitability of lamé as material for an evening frock and what we are going to have for dinner, but when Sam saw me trying to draw on a pair of gloves over hands that were already well clad in expensive suédé, he had ideas of carting me up to St. Luke's for observation. And I was minded of what he once said of Mr. Dwight Morrow, who is reputed to get on trains without knowing where he is going, etc. "That guy misses a lot. He might as well drink." But Lord! the very fact of repressing one's thoughts, snobbishly as a gentlewoman, can, I believe, seriously affect the arteries, and albeit I would never subscribe to the abandonment of a code in which I and those whom I consider my cronies have

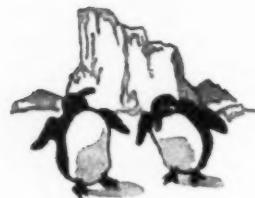
been reared, I think there is a good deal to be said for the *laissez faire* which allows you to throw a few plates. To the shops this day for some last minutes of shopping. Lydia Loomis accompanying me, and she had a bad time getting me past the exhibits which featured anything in sets, nor could she understand why I wished to buy perfume which I should never think of using simply because the bottles were triangular and backed up against each other snugly in a painted box, and when I fished in my memory, as Dr. Brill would do, I remembered that the greatest thrill of my childhood came from those little sets of dishes which were sewed, with the coarsest white thread that ever I saw in my life, into niches specially cut for them in a cardboard box.



"Twenty-one years old—and where am I?"



"Dinner tonight will be formal, Bert."



Verse To Be Read At 10 A.M.

Reflect, with hearty laughter,
E'en though your head be sore,
The worse the morning after
The better the night before!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

A Help

An heiress who married a vaudeville ventriloquist says they are determined to live on what he earns. Well, they won't need a radio.

The Modern Dictionary

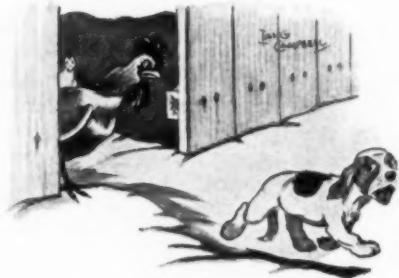
Accomplishment, n. Any trick of social elegance that illustrates a superiority of mind, such as the proper gesture in bestowing a five-dollar tip on a head waiter whose income is several times your own.

Alcapone, n. prop. An overlord of the underworld. Specifically, a commander-in-chief of that part of the underworld known as the higher officials.

Calamity, n. A piece of good fortune that has fallen upon the wrong head, such as a Democratic landslide to a Republican, or vice versa.

Fagot, n. A bundle of sticks, used, in early Christian times, for toasting a heretic, thus removing an ancient prejudice.

Oafish, adj. Stupid in a comparative degree. The superlative degree is spelled *official*.



*"You just wait—I'll tell my uncle.
He's a bird dog!"*

The Man Who Writes the Movie Ads Proposes

"Darling, you spectacular, magnificent, marvelous, lovable, laughable, lavish, beautiful, wonderful, chilling, thrilling, outstanding, divine, pathetic, tremendous, all-dancing, all-singing, and all-talking creature, I love you! I love you with the hot burning love of the desert, with the storm-driven love of the Alaskan wilderness; a love that sacrifices even life itself, a love that conquers all, even that amazing vortex of human desire, passion, and sorrow—the eternal triangle! A tender, undying love that you will treasure forever in your fondest memories! A love that cost me \$122.50 for theatre tickets, \$212.25 for dinner checks, and \$31.15 for taxicab fares to bring it to life before your very eyes! Hear and see me forever, darling! Bring the whole family and enjoy super-life with me!"

—Brook Branwade.



PROPRIETOR: Officer, arrest that man!

Putting Up The Crib

"That don't go that way, Joe! Look at this end: See, it has the flower design on the inside, over the kid's head . . . I know, but if both designs are on the outside then those slot things are wrong for the bars . . . Here. Turn both the foot boards around . . . Now turn yours upside down . . . Now, where's the catch that holds up the bars? . . . But, gee, Joe, you wanna get those catches right, otherwise the sides will let go and the kid'll fall out. You don't want the kid fallin' out all the time, do ya? . . . Here, hold onto this foot board while I turn the ends around the other way . . . Gee, that puts the flowers upside down, don't it? . . . All right—turn it around again and I'll turn my end upside down.

"There! Now those slots seem to be lined up. Now there *must* be another piece to go in there, Joe; otherwise these gate things won't stay up . . . Maybe they forgot some of the pieces. What are those eight screws for? . . . Get down underneath there and see if there are some holes . . . What d' ya see? . . . Well, in that case we must have the spring hind side before . . . Here! This thing is supposed to slide up and down on these two rods . . . See a place for the rods . . . Hey, Joe! Are you going to help me put this crib together or not? . . . Then, for the love of Mike crawl out from under there.

"Here's a gadget on the spring that—Oh! I see, now . . . Lissen: Turn both foot boards around the other way and shift the spring farther to the left so these gate things will catch on these two hooks . . . H— with the design. The kid's not going to notice the design, is he! . . . They give you enough junk with this outfit to build *ten* cribs . . . I got it! The rods go through these brackets and the gate slides up and down on the rods, but we gotta take the rods off until we fasten the brackets . . . I say, we gotta take these rods . . . Lissen, Joe: Just turn it around this way, will ya.

"Hey, Joe! Unscrew those bars again. We gotta get the rods on first . . . H—! The holes for the brackets are on the outside, now. Never mind, we'll put 'em on this side for the time being. Hand me the screwdriver . . . Joe! . . . Have you got washers under the spring screws? . . . Well, take 'em off—they're the wrong

ones. These washers go there and those washers go under these two bumper things that the gate rests on when it's down . . . You put them down when you wanna take the kid out.

"Oh, Lord! . . . Why, you big lum-mox, you've gone and put the rods through the brackets. How d' ya think we're gonna put the gates on, I ask ya! . . . I know, Joe, but these gates have to slide up and down and they won't slide *at all* unless—Oh, I dunno! You've gotta take 'em off, anyways . . . There! Now we're gettin' somewhere . . . How about these brackets? . . . No, there's *two* of 'em. How could two rods run through one bracket? Use your bean a little, Joe . . . Well, look in your pocket . . . O. K. . . . Now hold it while I put the screws in . . . I said *hold* it, not look at it . . . Lord! The screw holes are missing. They must be somewhere around these

two joints, because lookit, Joe; the gates slide down as far as the floor when you're takin' the kid out and there's no place near the floor for any holes . . . H—! Give me the bit and brace. I'll bore a couple.

"There we be! . . . It don't slide so good, but it'll keep the kid in anyways . . . Now the casters, Joe . . . Over there with all them extra parts we don't need . . . All right—raise up on your end while I put 'em in . . . Let 'er down easy, now . . . O. K. . . . Now, raise up on this end . . . There we be! . . . Aw H—! The first two dropped out . . . All right, Joe, easy, now . . . O. K. Signed, sealed and delivered: One crib . . . Throw all those extra parts down the cellar in case y' ever need new parts . . . Where d' ya want it—over in this corner? . . . In the nursery! . . . Gee, Joe! It won't go through the door. We'll have to take it apart again."



"The monotony of it—Cherbourg to New York—New York to Cherbourg. Some day I'm gonna make that round the world cruise."



The Banks

BANK robberies are frequent, some of serious size done by hold-up men, others much bigger by officers of the banks. Besides that a flock of banks have closed, particularly in the south and west, because of bad crops, low prices, drought or general collapse of business. Most of these latter banks will start again. The bank failures due to dishonest officers belong, as a rule, in the casualty record of the Bull Market collapse. There is a continuing drip of calamity proceeding from that event. It has killed more people than the Dry agents and first and last will doubtless crowd the mortuary records of the motor cars.

Change in Governments

THE habit has been prevalent to speak disrespectfully of South American revolutions as things that happen from time to time and are due to the temperament of the South American voters. The present crop of them is due to bad times, for revolutions are the most convenient method for some of our southern neighbors to get rid of bad government. The current agitations, especially in Brazil and Argentina, seem to have been beneficial, and government in South America is thought to be improving.

The disturbers of the peace in Cuba seem to have cause for action, and in Spain when Franco, the flying man and leader of revolt, says he wants to make Spain free, he excites sympathy for Spain under Dictators has had to get along with the minimum of freedom, though it has profited by order.

Italy's balance sheets are not satisfactory and Mussolini has doubtless anxious hours. Government, even in countries where it is most stable, seems on the verge of having a bigger job than it can handle. Our Senate might do well to consider that. In times when government agencies should get

together, the Senate seems more interested in itself than in the country. Election by votes of the people has not improved its quality though it has greatly increased the expense of election.

The Senate's disposition, however, to move into the White House and operate the executive branch of the government has abated enough at this writing to permit the President to spend the money provided for relief of distress from unemployment and drought. We should all be grateful for this concession. The one thing which more than any other is in President Hoover's line is relief of the hungry. In that he has a practiced hand and may be trusted, presumably, to direct expenditure of relief moneys with judgment and to keep politics altogether out of those transactions. When he plays politics he is a sad sight.

High Church

IF THE entire wash of St. John's Cathedral is to be hung on the line as a consequence of disparity of view and temper between the Bishop of New York and some of his resident clergy the exhibition may be of lively interest. One reads of Catholic and Protestant as words relevant to the present disparity. The Bishop it seems is High Church and he is thought to favor clergymen of that description.

So perhaps we may do well to ascertain just what Catholic and Protestant mean in the Episcopal Church in New York in this year of reputed grace.

Perilous Efficiency

ONE of the standard Dry arguments has been that Prohibition has increased efficiency and made Monday a better working day.

Probably it has, but what is the matter with the world if not increased efficiency? The English are criticised for their interest in week-end parties. They like to knock off on Fridays and go somewhere and invite their souls until Monday morning. Observers say they cannot beat the Germans, let alone the Yankees, unless they work harder.

But after all perhaps the British no-

tion about how to live, though it may be a little ahead of the times, is not so far wrong as critics think. Even Henry Ford admits that increased efficiency must lead to shorter hours and fewer days of work.

But all this is no more than reiteration of the charge that the Drys have not taken the measure of human life. They have tried to correct great faults in it and to some extent have done so, but their medicine has produced worse diseases than those they have tried to cure.

That Popular Vote

NOBODY thinks that anything very upsetting will result from the opinion of Judge Clark of New Jersey that the Eighteenth Amendment was illegally ratified and is void. Very few observers doubt that the Supreme Court will overrule Judge Clark's opinion. Nevertheless it is a useful opinion as setting forth the manner in which the Eighteenth Amendment should have been ratified. Such a measure should have been submitted to popular vote. It never was, but was committed to legislatures at a time when the public mind was taken up with peace treaties.

It is by no means certain that the Amendment would not have gone through at that time even if there had been a popular vote on it, but the popular vote would have meant more open discussion and possibly the whole matter would have been thrashed out better.

Moreover in many states legislatures no longer represent accurately the people they make laws for because in such states the rural districts have representation out of all proportion to their numbers. It is so in New York, so in Connecticut, so doubtless in Illinois and many other states. The original idea seems to have been that the country was virtuous and that the cities were wicked. That estimate is not going as strong as it once did, but the old dispensation on that subject is hard to correct.

At present the Eighteenth Amendment could not be carried by a popular vote. It would have been a failure however passed. —E. S. Martin.



MILWAUKEE.

"Ach—don't worry, Mr. Peebles—GOOD beer ain't gonna hurt your hat—think of all the bum beer you've put in your stomach since prohibition."

The Letters Of A Modern Father

My Dear Son:

Your communication about your quarrel with your father-in-law has just come to hand. It fell out of a pile of bulletins from the Governor's unemployment commission and Wall Street upturn circulars from investment bankers. My stenographer glanced at the envelope and thought it was a piece of Buy Now mail and was about to throw it away when she opened it, hoping to get a stamp from a return envelope. I hope this delay in answering hasn't prevented your patching things up with the old gentleman.

I never cared for him, and in 1928 I would have said go ahead and battle it out with him. But after all, this is 1931, and I suppose you know he is so rich he could buy fruit at a stand in a railroad station.

When we found your note I was just going out to see that three carloads of brick were rushed out to an old customer of ours who wanted to pick a fight with me over the price we quoted him the first time.

Hoping that my decision to drop everything and get the brick to my customer answers your question . . . and that your wife will continue to enjoy her allowance, I remain,

Your Affectionate Father,
McCREADY HUSTON.



"Hey, ain't there no privacy in this park?"

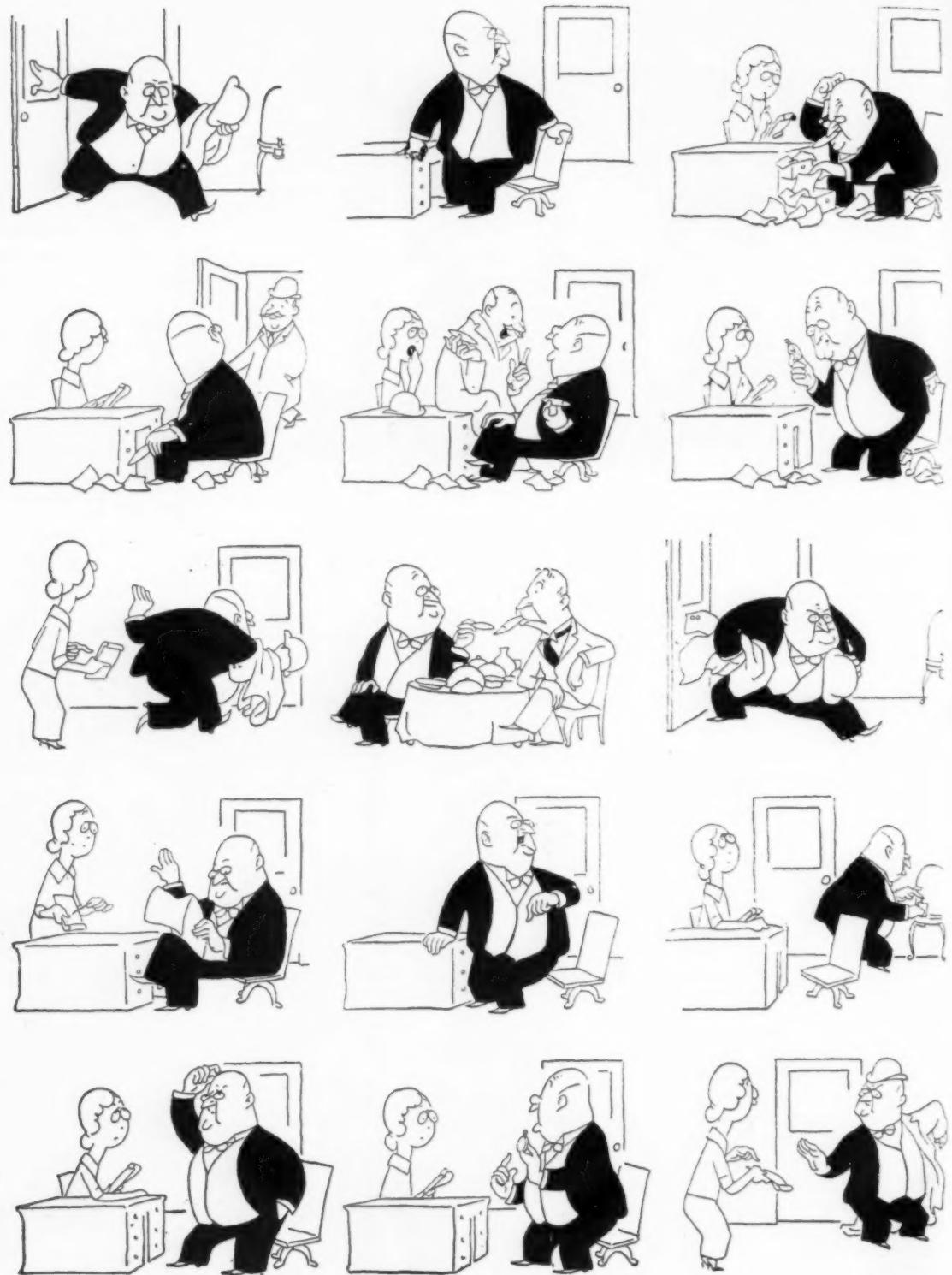
The Prize Hard-luck Story

The prize hard-luck story of the year is told about the man who had all of his money in one of the big banks that recently folded up.

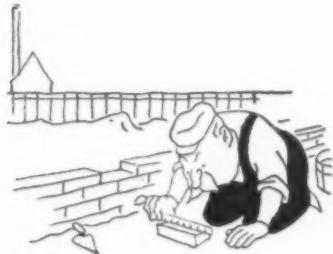
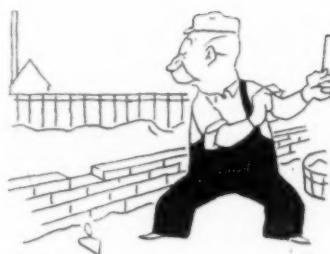
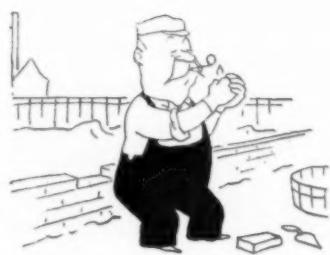
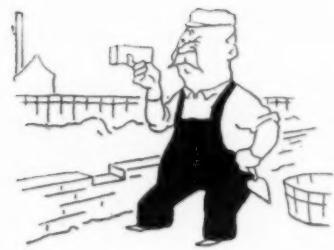
The bank declared a fifty per cent settlement, so the man stood in line for seven hours with other depositors. He was the third man from the paying teller's window when announcement was made that no more cash would be paid out—and then when he got back up town he found that somebody had stolen his apples.

Don't Dimension It

President Hoover had a brief talk with Einstein but, we understand, Einstein refused to take over the blame for things.

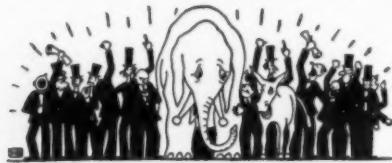


BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN.
Capital. I.



BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN.
Labor. II.

Life in Washington



By CARTER FIELD.

More Problems in the Home Life of the G. O. P.

NOW it really is a pity that two such congenial souls and delightful fellows as Henry H. Curran, president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, and Robert H. Lucas, the right hand of Simeon D. Fess in battling for Hoover and Righteousness in the last election, should take to bandying words.

Apparently they do not know each other, but they have much in common. Moreover, Lucas has a trait that should appeal to Henry. He knows when the proverbial brick house has fallen on him. Of course, he never admits it publicly. Hence his statement that the recent plebiscite was a "vindication" of the Administration.

But privately he went to the Great White Father and urged him, as a political necessity, to come out for four per cent beer!

So it is really too bad that Mr. Curran, instead of welcoming the recruit, should publicly remind Mr. Lucas of that old jingle: "There's a serpent in the glass, drink it down."

For it will justify precisely what the Drys have been saying to Hoover ever since they learned that Lucas regarded dryness as a liability to the Chief. Only they talked about "snake in the grass."

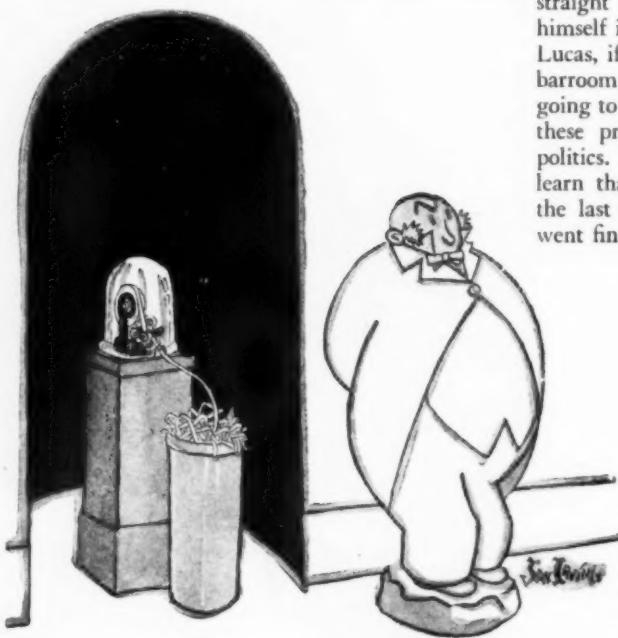
A Dry Among Wets

For don't ever forget that George W. Norris—not the grocer, but the senator—did not bolt Hoover and support Smith because Smith was wet. A thousand times no. Norris was opposed to two and three-quarter per cent beer because it was intoxicating! Norris

bolted to Smith because Al talked so convincingly about water power and the wicked interests.

Of course if Norris had been a reactionary, or even just a regular, and had bolted, that would be a serious business. But as the late Senator La Follette frequently demonstrated, a Progressive can do anything and his sons have been proving it ever since, not to mention his running mate, Burton K. Wheeler.

Maybe Major Curran did not know that Mr. Lucas thought the Republican Party ought to be for beer next time.



We immortalize another famous bust.

On the other hand, the major at times is a wee bit intolerant. For instance, did he approve joyfully when Harold Knutson, way up in Dry Minnesota, came out for seven per cent beer?

He did not. "Repeal or nothing," he said. And didn't he goad Ham Fish, the lad who keeps the Communists on Page One, into going further than he wanted to on prohibition just before election? But Ham fooled him. Right after the Wet Bloc assembled he said he didn't know about repeal!

But that "serpent in the glass, drink it down," was not a kindly reference to make to a gentleman from Kentucky.

Next he will be telling him to crush the mint in preparing a julep, as one of the major's assistants has been known to do.

"A Kentucky gentleman sips his liquor—he does not gulp it," says Senator Richard P. Ernst, who comes from the real Blue Grass section.

Then that mean reference to the fact that the Wets had taken no hand whatever in the senatorial election in Nebraska, just because Bob Lucas paid for a few pictures of barrooms to distribute among the downtrodden peasants Norris defends against the power trust.

Those Barroom Pictures

Norris bolted in spite of Smith's wet appeal. Curran bolted because of it. Outside of that one defection from the straight and narrow, Curran will find himself in rather close accord with Bob Lucas, if he would only overlook those barroom pictures. But there are always going to be barroom pictures so long as these practical boys are operating in politics. It takes them some time to learn that trumps have changed since the last hand. The barroom pictures went fine in 1928. How was Lucas to

know they would not work in 1930? And he learned. Don't forget that. For right after election he was converted to four per cent beer.

Another Louisville gentleman is having trouble because the boys won't stop playing 1928 tactics. That is Pat Callahan, the eminent Catholic layman and ready letter writer. But do you think he can stop William H. Anderson from crusading against the Catholics as the real Jacobites of King Barleycorn? Not a chance. "Rome" in capital letters screams in every circular.

"I am having the 'New Menace' sent you," says a letter just received as this is written.

But whatever you may say or think of William H. Anderson, he really went to jail and took his rap when he ran afoul of the law. And maybe his judgment as to what are trumps is better than that of Bob Lucas—before election. Perhaps if documents asserting that Senator Norris had secretly joined the Jesuit order had been circulated they would have been more effective than those barroom pictures. And just about as truthful.



If dumb animals behaved like human beings.

Two New Diaries

DIARY FOR 1931. Distributed by The Butchers' and Bakers' Bank. 78 pp. Imitation Leather. Gratis.

MEMO BOOK FOR BUSY MEN. Distributed by The Sahara Life Insurance Company. 68 pp. Leather Buffing. Gratis to good prospects.

"Diary for 1931" pictures and describes storm signals for mariners, and devotes two fascinating pages to listing the bank's vice presidents. Though it has omitted "What To Do Until The Doctor Comes," it gives us "Handy Facts To Know" which reveal, among other things, the following information: "To sharpen dull files lay them in dilute sulphuric acid until they are eaten deep enough."

"Memo Book for Busy Men" prints arresting facts from history at the bottom of each page. For instance, how many executives realize that on Sunday, May 3, 1721, Hans Egede with a few colonists left Denmark to open the first mission to Greenland? I'll furthermore bet that few busy men know that whipping as a punishment for women was abolished in England in 1820.

American literature needs diaries like these, diaries that combine the educational with the utilitarian. And though both books are thoroughly modern in format, neither author spurned to include the good old essentials, the "Burying Places of the Presidents" and the "Easter Dates for Two Centuries." Give us more diaries like these, publishers! There will always be room on our desks for them.

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

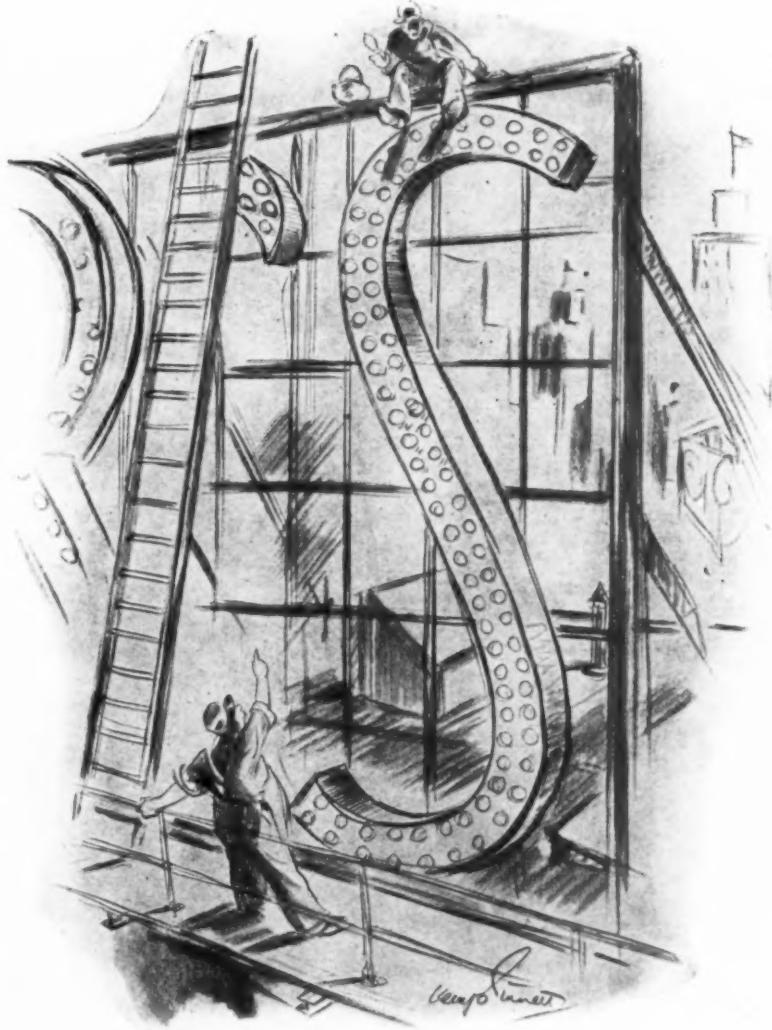
Score At The Half—Nothing to Nothing

I'm just a bit vague on the why and the wherefore of existence as is, so naturally therefore the pros and the cons and the ifs and the ands leave for me no neat footprints on Time's shifting sands So I follow my nose, friendly counsel, and such Hence, any reflections of mine are not much. I'm just a bit vague on the why and the wherefore So I've naught to forget and e'en less to prepare for.

—ed. graham.

Those Midget Cars

Then there was Jones who had almost reached the office the other morning before he discovered he was driving Junior's Christmas present when it ran down and stopped on him.



"Aw—wadda'ya mean—apostrophy?"

Abe Martin On Broadstreet

*(Apologies to Kin Hubbard and perhaps to
Walter Winchell)*

Th' Ike Larks have phffft, she gittin' th' custody o' th' yellor roadster . . . Fern Pash (Melodian Hall) an' Lemmie Peters (Democrat) are middle-aisle-bound . . . Lil Moon, who is sealed to Deputy Sterlin' Moon (Last month's prize winner fer locatin' th' biggest still) is confined t' her home by a swollen dresser drawer . . . Art Smiler (Elite Drug Store) reports burglars broke in last nite an' got \$50 worth o' minced ham an' is he mad?



*"Hold yer san'wich fer yah, Mister, while
yah go in an' shop?"*



*"I'm from the Times, now tell me, how does it
feel to be away up here?"*

Fairy Grotto was thrown out o' what livery stable on what nite when she got t' feelin' her oats?

Th' Democrats are lookin' fer a leader fer 1932 an' th' Republicans are lookin' fer one t' begin right away . . . Are their faces red? . . . Lil Craw, acquitted, an' Letser Bentley (Little Theater Movement) are uh-huh because she refuses t' give up tapioca puddin' . . . Th' Elmer Moots, Joe Kites, Newt Plums an' Pony Mopps have phffft.

Recommended t' diversion seekers: "Th' Earl's Sacrifice" which opened at th' Fairy Grotto Satdee . . . Editur Cale Fluhart's address t' th' Retail Grocers' Association . . . Th' benefit fer saxophone players at Melodian Hall Fridee nite . . . Mame Moon's new tome, "We've Left Th' Bay An' Th' Ocean Lies Before Us" . . . Stew Nugent's giggle water an' is it potent?

Th' Lafe Buds, Leslie Hangers, Ike Soles, Jeff Mopps, Jake Bentleys, Tipton Buds, Lile Tharps an' Art Smiley are preparin' th' bassinettes . . . Th' Wesley Peters, Marsh Swallows, Niles Turners an' Joe Mopps also are preparin' th' bassinettes.

—Tom Sims.

"Face Value"

The Fergusons, who are forever embracing something new, got us into it. "To me," said Mrs. Ferguson enthusiastically, "the study of the human face is the most fascinating thing in the world."

"Fact," said Fergie, "and by taking this course we'll be able to see all sorts of things in even the most ordinary faces. Even in the subway."

Well, we started the following week. Classes two nights a week, with large colored charts and graphs to show the dominant traits. We'd get together evenings to compare notes and study our friends.

I was quite unaware of any personal implication in the business until Mary said to me at breakfast one morning, "You know, dear, I've become convinced that you're in the wrong kind of work."

"Yes?" I inquired. "Why so?" She squinted at the bridge of my nose.

"You lack Aggression, Endurance, and Persistence—three qualities which every successful stock broker must have. The chart says so."

"Oh, I don't know," I argued. "I get my share of orders, I guess."

Mary stamped her foot. "That's just the point," she cried. "You're too easily satisfied! Look at your Caution, too—over your cheekbone. You're afraid to take a chance. The book says so."

I became suddenly nettled at this unfairness. "How about yourself?" I demanded. Louder than I had intended. "Look at your upper lip—where's your Amity, your Goodwill, your Serenity?"

Mary jumped up and sped to the mirror over the sideboard. I left my scrambled eggs and slammed out. On the 8:15, I peeped furtively at the reflection of my nose in the grimed window. Troubled by the thought that I might, indeed, have been one of the unfortunate eighty-five per cent who are totally miscast in their life work. (The book said so.)

The Fergusons came over two evenings later, weighted with their charts and notes. "Here, Fergie," said my wife. "Sit under the bridge lamp where we can see you—it's your turn to be the clinic."

Fergie settled himself in the chair, blinking like a dazed gopher in the white glare. We drew up chairs, peering at his face and referring to our notes. Mary began it. "How about

Observation, Mental-focus, and Scrutiny?"

"His Observation," said Mrs. Ferguson, with just a hint of tartness, "is better at the Club dances than anywhere else." Fergie stared, roused himself.

"And how about you, hey? I saw you and that bird Morey out on the piazza that night, and don't think I didn't!"

"Please, please," I begged. "This is a clinic, not a battlefield. Let's get on, with Praise, Emulation, and Love of Power."

"Plenty of Self-Esteem there, all right," observed Mary. She leaned forward to tap the long Ferguson upper lip with her pencil. "He doesn't object to a pat on the back, this boy." Fergie swallowed, but held his tongue. Mrs. Ferguson gave Mary a sidelong glance which I didn't care for.

"Maybe he doesn't," she agreed, staring at me. "But I will say this for Fergie—there's nothing secretive, or vengeful about him. Or lustful." I sucked wind at this unexpected broadside, when Mary came to my aid.

"Oh, Hubert's not that way at all, really, dear. It's just a bad tooth that gives him that prominence along the jaw." But I could feel her eyes harrowing my face for several seconds after, all the same. Things were getting a bit strained.

"Well," remarked Fergie, at length,

"I may be short on Color and Form, but I'm long on Integrity and Frugality. I'll say that much for myself."

"That bump isn't Frugality," said his wife. "It's downright Stinginess, James, and you know it. You're tight as a tick." Fergie flushed and rose to his feet so quickly that he upset the bridge lamp. "The hell I am," he asserted. "You just think I'm made of money, that's all. Look at Hubert's face—he's got twice the Frugality I have, and you don't call *him* tight!"

"Please, please," I said. "Sit down, will you, Fergie? You're the clinic."

"He'll not sit down, either," said Mrs. Ferguson hotly. She turned on me. "I won't have him pulled to pieces like this. You're just doing it for spite, both of you!"

We found ourselves on our feet, staring hot-eyed at one another. The angry swish of Mrs. Ferguson's breathing seemed to fill the room. Then, as in a daze, I heard Mary murmuring her regrets that they simply had to leave.

"To me," said Mary, after an interval of silence, "the human face is the most fascinating thing in the world."

"Yeah," I said, in a dry, rusty voice. Moved by a common impulse, we gathered up the charts and graphs and notes, and started the jolliest little campfire imaginable in the grate.

—Stanley Jones.



"Look, dear—your ghost-writer!"

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Passion Flower"

WILLIAM DE MILLE'S adaptation of the Kathleen Norris novel is a motion picture that *LIFE* recommends without hesitation. While giving due credit to Mr. de Mille and his distinguished cast, we must not forget to consider the source of the laughs which make the picture so thoroughly enjoyable. For these welcome bits of bright conversation we must thank Laurence Johnson and Edith Fitzgerald, who wrote the "additional dialog"—and we know that Miss Norris will join in the thanks.

There are several fine performances offered, but the first person we will mention is not one of the stars. She is Zasu Pitts, who has at last (thank God) been given a part worthy of her talents—and she simply eats it up. We have never seen an audience more responsive to a comedienne. The customers started giggling with her first line, and from then on all she had to do was make one of her characteristic futile gestures to set them off again.

Another member of the cast who gets many laughs is Dickie Moore, a charming kid of three or four years, who steps in occasionally and takes complete charge of the picture with a few well-chosen words. His delivery of lines is amazing. One of Tommy's speeches which merits repetition is submitted herewith. The scene is the one in which the straying husband returns home after a long absence. "Oh look!" says Tommy to his little sister. "There is our father." She replies, "Do you mean Our Father which art in Heaven?" "No," says Tommy, "I mean the one that's a friend of mother's."

The story is the one about the rich girl sacrificing all to marry her chauffeur. Our one criticism is that the film attempts to tell too much of the lengthy Norris novel which results in long stretches of acting that might just as well have been covered by telegram. Kay Francis, Kay Johnson and Charles Bickford are excellent and Lewis Stone adds an air of distinction, even if he does have practically nothing to do. He

appears briefly and infrequently, but you get more out of a pop call from Lewis than you would from a week-end of acting by the average cinema star.

The moral of "Passion Flower" is that you are a darned fool not to live as well as circumstances will permit, but that you should not let the good things in life make you forget the wife and kiddies. The idea is not brand new.

The sound in this film is as good as any we have heard in many months. Thanks to Douglas Shearer.

You'll like "Passion Flower."

"The Royal Family"

THE stage success, "The Royal Family," the story of which is based on the lives of that interesting family of stage folk, the Barrymores, has been made into an exceptionally entertaining film. Usually, a successful stage production loses much of its attractiveness after suffering the thousand natural shocks that it must endure in the laborious transition from flesh to film, but "The Royal Family" has fallen into capable, intelligent hands with the result that the screen version entertained us just as much as the play.

There has been so much said in these columns about young Mr. Fredric March that further praise may appear to be exaggeration. However, you have only to see his impression of John Barrymore to convince yourself that it is the best thing he has ever done, which is no faint recommendation, as Mr. March's work during the past year has been more consistently convincing than that of any other leading man in the motion picture field. He overdoes his satire at times but on the whole his Barrymore gestures, mannerisms and characteristics of diction are startling.

"The Royal Family" is also a happy event in the life of Ina Claire, a fine stage actress who has finally created a place for herself in the movies. If her impersonation of Ethel Barrymore shows marked inaccuracies, we can easily believe that she deliberately discards her

borrowed character for short stretches in order to let us know that Ina Claire also is a pretty entertaining personality.

Henrietta Crossman gets the very most out of a difficult rôle, and Mary Brian handles a small part with astonishing adroitness—which leads us to believe that Mary may have real screen talent—a quality she has managed very successfully to conceal until now.

See this one.

"Tom Sawyer"

THIS film provides all of the elements which have made the famous Mark Twain story one of the most widely read pieces of literature ever written. Jackie Coogan's *Tom Sawyer* is played with a sympathy and sincerity that marks his triumphant return to the screen, and all of the Coogan fans will rejoice to note that he retains much of the appealing wistfulness that characterized his film work as a small child. Remaining wistful over a long period of years must be very trying on the nerves, but Jackie seems to have accomplished the trick.

Supporting the star are two of the screens most proficient youngsters, Mitzi Green and Junior Durkin. Unfortunately Mitzi has to play the part of a sweet, sweet little girl which, of course, puts her completely out of her element. Junior is as capable as usual, but he will soon have to desert the kid rôles as his voice is becoming quite baritone and his frame is lengthening by leaps and bounds. Equally deserving of mention for merit is Dick Winslow, who plays the part of *Joe Harper*.

No one element contributes more to the success of the picture than Clara Blandick's *Aunt Polly* . . . and we particularly call attention to the scene in which she is overtaken by remorse after being kissed by her exasperating nephew.

Every child in your family should be taken to see "Tom Sawyer" if possible. Adults will also be highly entertained.

Another good one, making three in all.



*"I wonder if the Morris plan would stake me
to a box of apples!"*

Belated Lament

A dirge for the books that nobody
reads,

Nobody knows about, nobody needs!
Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds
a day,

Printed and covered and sent on their
way.

Tons of biography someone devised,
Created and published and then ad-
vertised;

Oceans of poems some lyric soul wrote,
That no one will hear of and no one
will quote;

Barrels of fiction, both lurid and drab,
Packed with descriptions and bristling
with gab,

All unobserved by the Fame that they
woo,

Hurled into Limbo by every review,
Thrown among others obscure as them-
selves,

Sad little outcasts on library shelves.

—Albert Ford Mullady.

"Where Am I?"

When a tree was cut in Washington
state a 400-pound hibernating bear
rolled out. A surprise awaits the bear
next spring when it awakes and finds
itself gone.

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word
given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one
given letter make up the new word which is defined.

(1) Scramble *lead* with an *m* and get something on
your chest.

(2) Scramble *leaner* with a *t* and get the world
without end.

(3) Scramble *leaner* with a *g* and get a soldier's boss.

(4) Scramble *remain* with a *t* and get a steeple.

(5) Scramble *scoured* with an *o* and get dignified.

(Answers on Page 26)



"Well, if it isn't Miss Fiditch, our old school teacher!"

Life at Home

WHEELING, W. VA.—Because Charlie Clark won't behave himself, they want to put him out of the Ohio County Jail.

Fellow prisoners who protest they can't stand his jokes and pranks any longer, are raising a \$25 fund to hire a lawyer to obtain a parole for him.

HOLLYWOOD—Senior students at the Hollywood High School were questioned as to their plans for the future. Not one evinced a desire to act in the movies.

YUMA, ARIZ.—O. P. Weed, Jacumba Springs, Calif., obviously did not know the name of his wife.

A telegram signed by Weed was received by Sarah Badley, clerk of the Yuma County Superior Court, as follows: "Wire me immediately collect full name of woman I married in Yuma, Nov. 3."

The clerk wired back: "Records show you married Lila A. Onoradto of Jacumba."

PAPILLION, NEB.—George Sieh recently resigned his positions as city clerk, register of deeds, road supervisor and overseer of the poor, and accepted a job as school janitor. He is getting more money.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Three negroes were brought before the judge, charged with drunkenness, and in support of the charge it was claimed that they were singing on a street corner. The judge remarked that that did not prove intoxication, and asked the defendants what they were singing. "Sweet Adeline," they admitted. "That's different," said the judge. "Ten dollars each."

MIAMI, FLA.—Police are looking for the culprit who stole an alligator, seven feet four inches long, waistline eleven and one-half inches, jaw fourteen and one-half inches, from the Lautana, Fla., ostrich and alligator farm.

OMAHA, NEB.—Dr. George Oertel of Syracuse, New York, told the American College of Optometry that parents should not try to make naturally left-handed children right-handed, or vice-versa, as it is apt to result in the child becoming cross-eyed.

TWIN FALLS, IDAHO—"Darling, I love you. Soon we'll marry," and similar expressions of endearment and promise greeted Mrs. Robert L. Warner as she opened a letter in her husband's handwriting.

"Oh, yeah?" she queried, looking quizzically at her husband, who had held this position in her life for the last twelve years.

It was a letter written by her husband to her twelve years ago when she was Miss Thelma Dyer. Just where the postal authorities had kept the letter is not known, nor why.



"Marie, do you think I could get away with shooting my husband?"

BLOOMSBURG, PA.—Dr. T. C. Harter was arrested for violating the Prohibition Law under the State Enforcement Act. He ruefully pointed out that while a member of the Legislature he had voted for the adoption of this very law.

NEW YORK—The gold medal sent by the Pope to Thomas A. Edison was held up in the Customs House when a clerk noticed it bore an inscription in Latin. The clerk refused to pass it until a translation assured him that it was not seditious or improper.

KINGSTON, R. I.—If a freshman at Rhode Island State College is caught flirting with a fair co-ed, he is forced to wear a baseball catcher's mask for three days to expiate his sin.

CUERRO, TEXAS—Bossie has been crowned the champion tree sitting cow. She saw nice green leaves on a tree whose trunk was leaning at such an angle that she could climb up and reach the foliage. The only trouble was that she could not get down and remained aloft for three days, until her owner found her.

Life Abroad

MEXICO CITY—There is one officer to every six privates in the Mexican Army, latest statistics show. And one general to every twenty-three officers.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENG.—George Cummings, fifty-six year old world's champion walker, is starting a long distance hike through England. He is restricting his beverage intake to beer, and expects to do a hundred miles on a gallon.

EDINBURGH—Prof. V. Gordon Childe, archaeologist, has found that the paleolithic cave dwellers of the Orkney Isles practiced self-beautification. Evidence recently unearthed shows that the women reddened their cheeks with iron-oxide ore, and the men shaved off their whiskers with flints.

CLAY CROSS, ENG.—Just because a man can't repeat certain words is not sign he is intoxicated, a Derbyshire judge has held. He dismissed a drunkenness charge against Hubert Watson, a truck driver, who was accused by police of being under the influence because he could not say "the Leith police dismisseth us" when the police asked him to.

LONDON—George Biles, who wound the church clock for forty years, was awarded for his fidelity by the congregation with a present. It was a clock.

HAVANA—Champagne may soon be as common as table wine in Cuba as a result of three years of scientific research here by a Spanish chemist who announces a new concoction made almost entirely of sugar cane.

Officials of the Department of Agriculture see in the discovery "not only an important new industry for Cuba but an important outlet for the present sugar surplus."

The discoverer of the new beverage is Leon Elso Blasco, a Basque. The new champagne, made without grapes, is amber in color, and is described as having a bouquet to match any of the finest of wines.

BUCHAREST, RUM.—The Parliament of Deputies voted to reduce their own salaries twenty per cent. Not to be outdone, King Carol immediately authorized the reduction of his own salary *twenty-two* per cent.

LONDON—The Vicar of St. Michael's recently proved that he had a heart. He gave his choir boys permission to read story books under cover of their music, while he delivered his sermon.



"My dear young man—don't you realize the utter futility of war?"

No Choice

Two brothers from a certain town appeared at the portals of a state insane asylum, one of them to be incarcerated as a patient. The other had him in charge. They were dressed very much alike and the observer on the train coming down would not have detected any signs of insanity in either brother. The asylum man was in a quandary. He chatted with them until a late hour and then locked both of them in a room together. Then he telegraphed the authorities at the town where the two brothers lived: "Two men arrived from your town; both dressed alike; one calls himself Napoleon and talks of starting an air line to the moon; the other goes by the name of Jake and says the U. S. is a dry nation—which shall I keep?"



"Nexta week da dream of my life is come true—I open up speakeasy!"

(26)



"Where did she get him—with coupons?"

Epic Of The Bed

Friend of my earliest dreams, and
latest rest,
Ere others should attempt the task
instead,
Here would I hymn the thing I love
the best—
My bed!

Sweeter by far than Cytherea's bowers
Thou art to me, and, oh! 'tis very
heaven
To take my frequent snoozes hour on
hour
Till seven!

Then with a sense of deepest pain
I hear the alarm 'gin to hum,
Yet merely turn me round, and still
remain
Quite mum!

Soon with reluctant mien outside I
creep,
Too late to shave, or eat, or catch
my train,
Yawn the whole day, and long to go
to sleep
Again!

And, when at close of eve I take my
way
Towards my blissful cot with thank-
ful sigh,
There's none as happy then, I'm bound
to say
As I!

Eternal blessings crown my weary
brow,
And all my cark and care are quite
forgot—
Great Scott! the alarm! Shall I get
up just now,
Or not?

—La Touche Hancock.

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.
See Page 32

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Plays

★**GREEN PASTURES.** *Mansfield*. \$4.40—The Bible story as it seems to the negro—beautifully and amusingly done. Pulitzer prize play.

★**UP POPS THE DEVIL.** *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Young love in Greenwich Village with all natives present. A light-hearted and gay evening.

★**THAT'S GRATITUDE.** *John Golden*. \$4.40—A theatrical producer—Frank Craven—accepts during a long dull season an invitation to "visit the family"—and does some reorganizing in this hilarious small-town comedy.

★**ONCE IN A LIFETIME.** *Music Box*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Uproarious, satirical comedy of Hollywood and the new talkies. Believe it or not there must be some truth in this crazy show-for-shhh—certain notables recognizing themselves have requested changes. With one of its authors—George Kaufman.

★**THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.** *Harris*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Realistic, pathetic, hilarious and comic story of three chorines living and fighting and going on together. Zoe Akins' hit show—but not for the children.

★**MRS. MOONLIGHT.** *Hopkins*. \$4.40—The whimsical and pathetic story of a woman who cannot grow old and finds herself left behind two generations. With Edith Barrett, Haidee Wright and Sir Guy Standing.

CIVIC REPERTORY—Eva Gallienne and her group in a changing program of modern classics. Top Price—\$1.50.

★**PAGAN LADY.** *48th Street*. \$3.85—The sinuous Miss Ulric returns in one of her well-known melodramas—made thrilling by her presence. There's a bootlegger, a preacher and Miss Ulric.

★**ON THE SPOT.** *Forrest*. \$3.00—Edgar Wallace pokes fun at our Chicago gangsters in this tabloid melodrama—with Crane Wilbur as the "big shot" and Anna May Wong as his "moll".

★**MAN IN POSSESSION.** *Booth*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A disgraced younger son—(All-English company)—as the Bailiff's helper—dresses up like the butler and wins the indebted lady from his brother. Very light—but amusing.

★**ELIZABETH THE QUEEN.** *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Lynn Fontanne—unrecognizable—and Alfred Lunt make the romance of Elizabeth and the Earl a thing to be remembered.

★**GRAND HOTEL.** *National*. \$4.40—Interesting, exciting, tragic and magnificently staged. 36 hours in the lives of five people in a Continental hotel—with Henry Hull and Eugenie Leontovich. Decide now if you want seats for Easter.

★**TONIGHT OR NEVER.** *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—There seems to be a tradition that opera singers cannot reach the heights until they have "lived". Mr. Belasco with the aid of Helen Gahagen illustrates—with trills.

★**ART AND MRS. BOTTLE.** *Maxine Elliott*. \$3.85—Jane Cowl as the erring wife and mother has learned that one plumber is worth more than three artists and returns to tell her topsy-turvy family so.

★**THE VINEGAR TREE.** *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Time and the imagination of a feather-brained woman have made an innocent summer afternoon into the great love of the ages. Mary Boland as the lady is splendid.

★**OH PROMISE ME!** *Morosco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Broad farce with Lee Tracy. An ambitious young lawyer successfully blackmails—in court—an elderly philanderer with little or no evidence.

★**FIRST NIGHT.** *Eltinge*. \$3.00—A good rousing, old-fashioned melodrama—with a play within a play so that the murderer may be sitting next you—of a poor girl trying to save her brother from the electric chair.

★**THIS IS NEW YORK.** *Plymouth*. \$3.85—The pioneer blood and the Senator from South Dakota join forces against the traditions of the town, a likeable young scion of Manhattan, his mistress, a racketeer and the senator's own daughter—in Robert Sherwood's lively comedy with Lois Moran and Geoffrey Kerr.

★**OVERTURE.** *Longacre*. \$3.00—A drama of ideas—portraying the futile, successful revolution of the workers. With Colin Clive.

★**PETTICOAT INFLUENCE.** *Empire*. \$3.85—Helen Hayes shows us that a devoted and ambitious wife with a flair for knowing other people's secrets can do quite a lot for her husband. And Henry Stephenson quite agrees with her.

★**INSPECTOR GENERAL.** *Hudson*. \$3.00—A new version of Gogol's farce by John Anderson. With Dorothy Gish, Claude Cooper and Lina Abaranelli.

★**PURITY.** *Ritz*. \$3.00—Florence Reed as a scrubwoman decides it is better to love than be loved. Adapted from the French of Ralph Roeder.

RUTH DRAPER. *Comedy*—In a program of her characteristic monologues—for four weeks only.

★**THE TRUTH GAME.** *Barrymore*. \$3.00—Ivor Novello in his own play with Billie Burke and Viola Tree. First presented in London in 1928.

MIDNIGHT. *Guild*. \$3.00—(Formerly called In The Meantime)—A play by Claire and Paul Sifton with Linda Watkins and Glenn Anders.

Musical

★**EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES.** *New Amsterdam*. \$5.50—Jimmie Savo and "The Most Beautiful Girls In The World" makes this dirty show—funny and entertaining.

★**NINA ROSA.** *Majestic*. \$5.50—A dependable regulation musical-locale-Mexico, with a real plot and lots of action. With Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry and Armida.

★**FINE AND DANDY.** *Erlanger*. \$6.60—A swell show—with Joe Cook as crazy and loony as he can be. One of the best.

★**BROWN BUDDIES.** *Liberty*. \$3.00—Fast-moving, all-colored show with pep—and Bill Robinson tap-dancing as only he can.

★**THREE'S A CROWD.** *Selwyn*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—That grand trio—Libby Holman, Fred Allen and Clifton Webb—in a great revue.

★**GIRL CRAZY.** *Alvin*. \$5.50—Top-notch, lively show set to Gershwin music—with comedy by Willie Howard and "Blues" by Ethel Merman. Don't miss the cowboy quartette!

★**SWEET AND LOW.** *Chanin's 46th Street*. \$5.50—Fannie Brice, George Jessel and James Barton in a low—and sometimes hilarious revue.

★**SMILES.** *Ziegfeld*. \$6.60—Just a little bit disappointing. But the Astaires and Marilyn Miller can get along without book or music.

★**THE NEW YORKERS.** *Broadway*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Step up, folks—they're all here—Clayton, Jackson and Durante; Frances Williams; Hope Williams; Waring's Pennsylvanians—in a mildly raucous revue.

★**BALLYHOO.** *Hammerstein*. \$5.50—Take out W. C. Fields and Chaz Chase chewing up lighted matches and you have a very, very dull evening.

Records

Victor

"**SHE LOVES ME JUST THE SAME**"—Rudy Vallee And His Connecticut Yankees. Different from Rudy's usual croony stuff. Hot trumpet, clever lyrics—real pep. You'll like it and

"**WASHINGTON AND LEE SWING**"—And they play this with a grand Sousa-like spirit

"**THEM THERE EYES**"—Gus Arnheim and His Cocoanut Grove Orchestra. What starts out like Greig's "Morning Mood" proves to be close harmony and closer rhythm by the Three Rhythm Boys. and

"**THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE**" are made interesting by the same orchestra. Bing Crosby sings the chorus.

Columbia

"**SOMEDAY SWEETHEART**" and

"**SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL**"—Ted Lewis and His Band revive two favorites. The first, deliberate and melodic—the second, hot and noisy.

Hurt" and

"**WE'RE FRIENDS AGAIN**"—Mickie Alpert and His Orchestra playing two popular tunes in slow, even tempo. Subdued horns in first exceptionally good. We'd like more of Mickie's work.

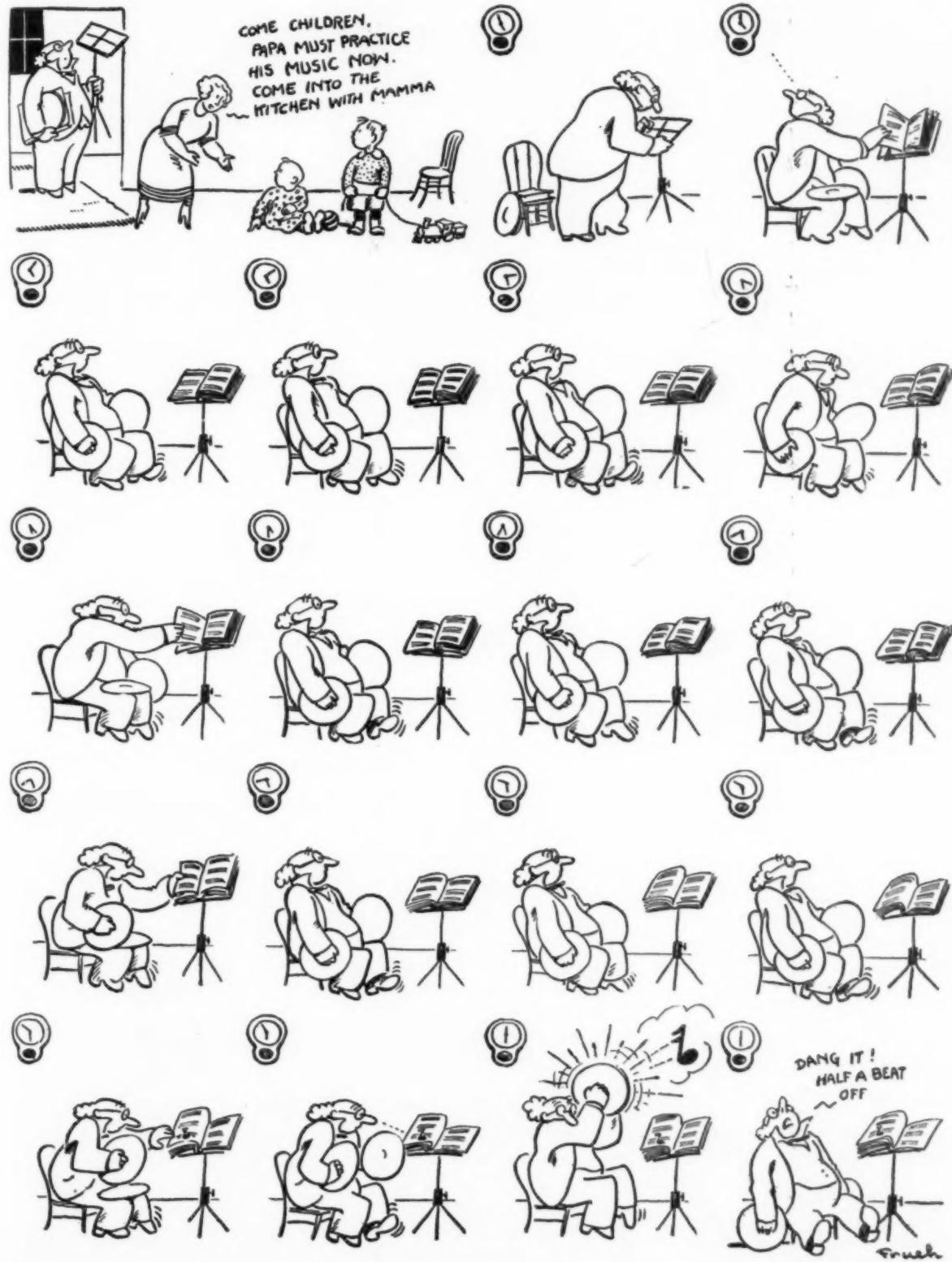
Brunswick

"**WALKIN' MY BABY BACK HOME**"—The Four-some harmonize on a light subject with a novelty accompaniment that is a treat. Even a caliope is heard in the distance. and "BIDIN' MY TIME" (*Girl Crazy*)—The Four-some again—with some more caliope—and we love it.

Sheet Music

"**I'm So Afraid Of You**" (*No show*)
"Lady Play Your Mandolin" (*No show*)
"The Wind In The Willows" (*No show*)
"Darky Rhythm" (*Brown Buddies*)
"He's Not Worth Your Tears" (*Sweet And Low*)

The Family Album



Reprinted from *Lar.*, Dec. 1, 1925.

The cymbal player practices at home.

Our Foolish Contemporaries



HOUSEHOLDER: *You've borrowed every tool I've got in the house. What do you want now?*

PLUMBER: *A bath towel and a piece of soap, ma'am!* —Bystander.

MRS. NEWLYWED: Hurry up and carve the turkey, dear, you know how to do it now.

MR. NEWLYWED: I know, love, but
where on earth are the dotted lines?
—*Everybody's Weekly*.

BRIDE: These eggs are very small. I must ask the egg dealer to let the hens sit on them a little longer.

—Nebelspalter, Zurich.

Scientists report that fleas can go without food for two weeks. But they won't. —Malteaser.

"Your husband seems to be having a lot of bonfires in the yard nowadays, Mrs. Bloggs."

"Yes. You see, he's got a job distributing circulars."

—*Passing Show.*

The difference between a battle and a massacre is, of course, that in a battle the whites kill the savages and in a massacre the savages kill the whites.

—*Dublin Opinion.*

In view of the popularity of midget golf, disappointment is felt that there is not a corresponding vogue for a miniature type of golf-story.

—Punch.

We expect to walk into a place any day for a pound of liver and have the butcher wrap it in a couple of stock certificates. —*Detroit News.*

—Detroit News.

WIFE TO HUSBAND (*in hat shop*): You see, this is the hat that I like, but since it is the other that you prefer I will take them both to please you.

—*Le Journal, Paris.*

SMITH: And do the people next door borrow much from you?

JONES: Borrow! Why, I feel more at home in their house than in my own.
—*Birmingham Post.*

We know what's the matter with business: the economic experts have had it turning the corner so long it's dizzy. —*Thomaston (Ga.) Times*.

"Goodbye, darling. Look after the home well, and if you need any money while I am away, just go to the bank."

"Yes, dear. What time does the bank close today?" — *Wahre Jakob.*

"What have you been doing lately?"
"Oh, just resting on my morals."
—University of Washington Columns.



THE SOLE SURVIVING PASSENGER: *Ah, well, I take it, we're all bridgers?*
—Punch (by permission).



THE SECOND TWENTY YEARS AT HULL HOUSE, by Jane Addams. *Macmillan Co.*, \$4. The dull—if possibly expedient—title gives small idea of the real interest in what is practically J. A.'s story of women during the past two decades. No one knows more, has a better grasp on the women's movement, here and abroad. Immigration, prohibition, justice—as Kipling says, "You can learn about women from 'er."

ONCE IN A LIFETIME, by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. *Farrar & Rinehart*, \$2. The art of play reading, still in infancy, should be encouraged, even if you see the play. This is a funny one, dirty digs at the talkies and personnel; more than that, a comedy-satire in which two dumbbells, male and female, afford not the least of the diversion.

SEVEN DAYS DARKNESS, by Gunnar Gunnarsson. *Macmillan Co.*, \$2. An occasional depressant helps us to buck up into cheerfulness, and this horror tale is a good example. Setting, Iceland, in which seven days' darkness, due to volcanic cause, gives the author opportunity to create an atmosphere akin to Hy James' *Turn of the Screw*. Weird tale, tense, consummate in the art of telling, well translated, distinguished story.

SLANE'S LONG SHOTS, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. *Little Brown & Co.*, \$2. Figuring Sir Jasper Slane, gentleman detective, in a series of crime situations. With many imitators, nobody quite succeeds in doing it as Oppenheim does. Another good collection is Mary Roberts Rinehart's mystery stories, four of her best (*Farrar*, \$2), including the *Circular Staircase* and *The Man in Lower Ten*.

—Thomas L. Masson.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. 50¢ sample Abbott's Bitters for 25¢ Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

PROHIBITION inspired "The Chicken Soup King," a real funny little book! A rib tickler! A scream! "Wet" or "Dry" you'll want it! Price 25¢. Advance Publishing Co., 1034 Fidelity Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.



FRENCH BY EAR.
Learn 400 common French words with numerous 10" phonograph disc & French-English book. Electrically recorded by Prof. Etienne of Paris. See & hear. Pay only \$1.98 & postage on arrival for disc & book. Limited supply. Order now. Money back guarantee. Spanish disc \$1.98. English disc \$1.98.

AUTOMATIC RECORD INSTITUTE, 1928-DR, Tribune Bldg., 154 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.



SAVOY-PLAZA
New York
HENRY A. ROST
President

Ideally located on Fifth Avenue at the entrance to Central Park, The Plaza and The Savoy-Plaza offer the highest standards of hospitality . . . everything to make your visit an enjoyable one.

• • •
**National Hotel
of Cuba, Havana
OPENED
December 15th, 1930**

**HOTELS
OF
DISTINCTION**



PLAZA
New York
FRED STERRY
President

**JOHN D. OWEN
Manager**



**THE BRADFORD
of BOSTON**
A MODERN
MID-TOWN HOTEL
15 floors devoted to luxurious hospitality. Every room with bath. Single, \$3-\$4. Double, \$4.50-\$7.
L. C. PRIOR MANAGEMENT
TREMONT ST.—near Boston Common

SALTZMAN'S
LOUIS H. SALTZMAN
presents
that master of music, Smith Ballew and his Orchestra who play captivating dance music during Dinner daily and Sunday. (No Cover Charge)

RESTAURANT

Know the enjoyment of dining in the dimly lighted private booths. Famous Saltzman Club Dinner (\$2.00). The Beefsteak Dungeon is available for private parties.

60 E. 42nd St. N.Y.

(31)

250
EUROPE
Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, "E25".
THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
280 North Michigan, Chicago
621 Fifth Avenue, New York

Old Gold and Silver Bought
Rings, Watches, Brooches, etc. Jewelers send us theirs. We'll buy directly from you. Write for particulars. Checks mailed within week.
L. A. Parker, North Attleboro, Mass.
(Bank reference: Attleboro Trust Co.)

to BERMUDA
Two convenient sailings every week on the M. V. "Bermuda" and S. S. "Veendam." A real treat either way . . . for the "Bermuda" is thoroughly British, the "Veendam" thoroughly Dutch. Apply authorized agents, 34 Whitehall St., or 563-5th Ave., New York.

FURNESS
Bermuda Line

RIDING
• • •
3600 acre Sedgefield Estate with 50 miles of bridle trails—Golf at the door of the Inn (grass greens). Overnight from New York.
SEDGEFIELD INN
SEDGEFIELD . . . GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA
JOHN C. WALLER . . . MGR.

LIFE'S Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Checks for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 60 East 42nd St., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

.....
(Name of Show)

.....
(No. Seats) (Date)

.....
.....
.....
(Alternates)

.....
(Name)
.....
(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 74

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes January 30.

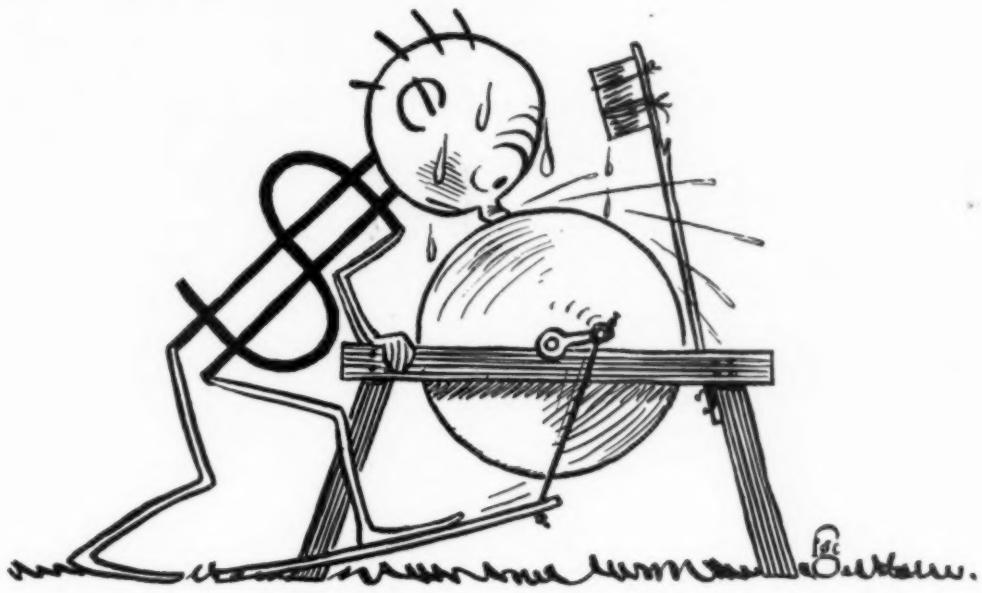


ACROSS

1. A system by which some women get clothes.
6. Army messenger boys.
11. Editorial pronoun.
12. This keeps a poor fish going.
14. Provision for the future.
15. You can't do this and make a hit.
17. The disobedient angel's daughter.
19. Fell on by chance.
20. Trojan hero.
22. Well, if it isn't our old school teacher!
24. The frosting on the cake.
26. Dance director of Cleopatra's day.
27. An expert in the three R's.
31. A lot of slush.
35. Sharp pointed tool.
36. Musical mixture.
38. This leaves in the spring.
39. He started the craze for jazz.
41. To work at a trade.
43. Old-time drink.
44. So. African stockade.
45. Toothpicks for a dentist.

DOWN

1. It's polite to ask people to do this again.
2. A complete collapse.
3. Celtic.
4. Indicating a condition.
5. Secret information.
6. Little talks by actors.
7. The old S. A.
8. A moron.
9. Early navigator.
10. Adam's third son.
13. Medieval ship.
16. Sailing vessel of the Levant.
18. This is the old chest.
21. Where we live and learn.
23. Common contraction.
25. Lamprey.
27. An old soak.
28. Pitcher.
29. Seaweed.
30. Famous stage character.
32. Spoken aloud.
33. Plenty of free drinks here.
34. Notes.
37. Used.
40. Sun god.
42. Period of time. Abbr.



Let One (\$1) Of Those Toiling Dollars Bring You Some Fun

THAT army of workers—forever too small—which is collectively referred to as your salary, continues for the time being on fatigue duty.

There's a squad of simoleons that has to march with brave front into the kitchen each week to hang onto the cook . . . A full company is ordered out every month on automobile duty . . . down into the cellar goes a loyal crew each night to hurl themselves into the flames that the house may be warmed . . . Endless other dollars endlessly on installment patrol . . . still more must be sent out, with faith and hope and a certain amount of charity, to keep the wheels of industry turning. Worthy missions, all of them, and necessary, yet—

Why not delegate one dollar, that lucky

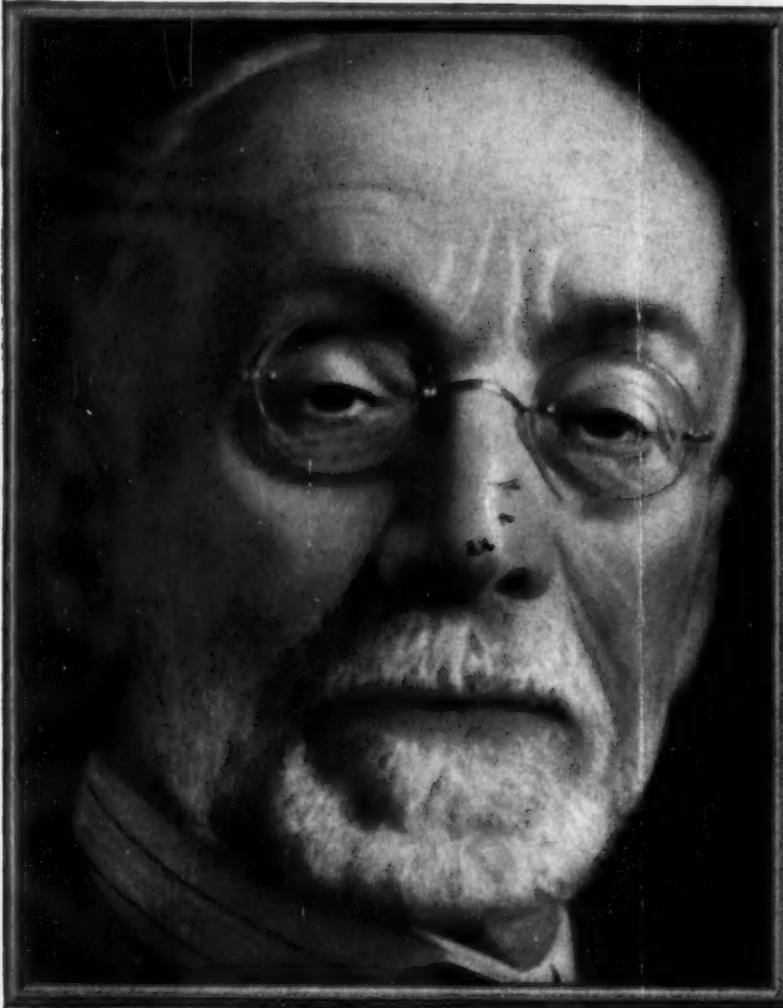
one you have in your pocket right now—to the pleasant duty of bringing you in a lot of fun?

It will bring you LIFE for ten weeks, hundreds of pages of LIFE, and with it more smiles, more laughter, philosophy and encouragement than any dollar you ever devoted to such a purpose. The commitment is not great—and if you are not reading LIFE regularly now, you may well discover you've been missing something that will do wonders for that morale which you simply must keep up these days.

SEND NO MONEY. We only want to know that you're the sort of person who enjoys a good-humored magazine, and when we know that we know your credit is good. Just mail a note or card to

LIFE, Dept. 7, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

"A DISTINCT CONTRIBUTION"



Says

AUGUST HECKSCHER

Noted Philanthropist

Chairman of the Heckscher Foundation for Children; President Child Welfare Committee of America

Director:
Empire Trust Company
Crucible Steel Company

"The most laudable service that any industry can render is the attempt to benefit its patrons. That is the cardinal principle of philanthropy. And so, interested as I always am in modern developments, I consider that your use of the Ultra Violet Ray in your Toasting of LUCKY STRIKE is a distinct contribution of which the public will whole-heartedly approve."

August Heckscher



Everyone knows that sunshine mellows — that's why TOASTING includes the use of the Ultra Violet Ray. LUCKY STRIKE — the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos — the Cream of the Crop — THEN — "IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so TOASTING removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing. No wonder 20,679 physicians have stated LUCKIES to be less irritating!

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited Mr. August Heckscher to review the reports of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of Mr. Heckscher appears on this page.

© 1930, The American Tobacco Co., N.Y.